THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 7, 1800.

THE SYLPH;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF SOPHIA MERTON.

(Continued from Page 248.)

" Where the bee ſucks, there lurk I ;
" In a cowſlip's bell I lie :
" There I couch when owls do cry,
" On the bat's back I do fly
" After ſun-ſet merrily."

SHAKESPEAR.

THE purple winged Auri again reſumes the ſilver pen, and devotes to the hiſtory of Sophia Merton part of thoſe hours of bloom and harmony approaching ſummer brings : When hovering amidſt the perfumed bowers which form the dwelling of his preſent charge, he ſings the ſeaſon's charms, and crowns his golden lyre with wreaths of bright moſs roſes, the faireſt of earth's productions ; while his ſoft ſongs ſtealing at intervals upon the ear of the beauty he now attends, ſeems to her fancy to be the notes of the Æolian harp, which, fixed at her window, courts the zephyrs that ſport in the train of ſummer. Charming as are theſe hours, yet the faithful ſylph reſigns a few of them, in order to purſue his narrative, and to relate to his fair readers the events which marked the ſecond year of his attendance on the intereſting Sophia.

COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW YEAR.

The old year had not been concluded with more gaiety than ſhone on the beginning of the new one: my ward appeared at the aſſemblies, theatre, and routs, and her anxious ſylph carefully watched every danger from without, and as carefully examined every idea within. Sophia had been much admired at the ball which concluded the old year; this ſhe was informed of by all her acquaintance. Auri was not diſpleaſed that ſuch information was conveyed to his ward, as with her ſort of diſpoſition it could do no harm, few women being more free from vanity, to which ſhe had ſcarce any perceptible tendency.

Everard continued his endeavours to engage the affections of Sophia by perſevering in his old mode of behaviour, accompanied by new variations. One evening at the comedy of "Know your own Mind," he made himſelf very conſpicuous by his extraordinary aſſiduities to the amiable Maria Danvers, who happened to be ſeated near Sophia, and to the latter he affected to be extremely inattentive, juſt caſting his eyes over her as if he ſcarcely knew that ſhe was preſent. My little ſentimental coquet was highly diverted by this new manœuvre of her lover's, while the agreeable Maria appeared to be aſtoniſhed at what could be meant by it. The next evening they all met at the weekly aſſembly; Everard ſtill continued his attentions to Maria, eſpecially when ſhe happened to be very near Sophia Merton; as he was playing a rubber of whiſt towards the concluſion of the evening, with Miſs Danvers for his partner, Sophia leaning on the back of Maria's chair, ſaid with an arch indolence of manner, "One love," alluding to the particular point of the game; although it muſt be confeſſed that the archneſs of her look was occaſioned by her obſervations on Everard's ſtile of behaviour. "One love," ſaid Sophia with an air of archneſs; "No Ma'am," anſwered Everard, with a look moſt comically ſerious, "it's two." He ſpoke of the game alſo, but the ſingular look he aſſumed, together with the odd coincidence of circumſtances, could not but attract the notice of the ſylph. Maria Danvers ſeemed ſurprized at the ſtrange tranſfer Everard ſeemed to have made of his attentions, but not all intereſted by it; indeed her affections, young as ſhe was, were engaged to a highly eligible admirer, with the entire approbation of her family.

Two days after the two young ladies and this plotting lover met again at the theatre: Sophia and Miſs Danvers, happened

happened as before, to be ſeated near each other; and Everard, for the third time, began to pay very particular attention to all that was ſaid by the latter, and even to watch her looks, and every expreſſion of her countenance ſeemed to intereſt his feelings: It is true that an accurate obſerver could eaſily have diſcerned all this to be affectation, but it was evidently his wiſh to paſs it for reality. The theatre that evening boaſted but a very ſmall audience, and the play (Hamlet,) was alſo very ill performed; Sophia felt very ſtupid; there was nothing to amuſe her. Everard, contrary to his uſual cuſtom, had continued his attempts to make her jealous till they ceaſed to be diverting; and an idea ſtruck her mind how much amuſement it would afford, were ſhe to aſcertain in how ſhort a time ſhe could change Everard's plan, and turn all his attention to herſelf. No ſooner was this thought of than reſolved on, with a precipitancy foreign to the character of my ward. Auri by no means approved of this whim of Sophia's, but, as mortals are free agents, could not entirely prevent its taking place; he therefore turned his endeavours towards repreſenting to her mind how much caution and prudence was neceſſary in conducting ſuch a plan of amuſement, and how wrong it would be to give any ſerious encouragement to Everard's hopes. Thus guarded by caution, Sophia entered on her coquetiſh whim, and whenever ſhe joined in converſation with Maria and Everard, between the acts of the play, or when the latter addreſſed any ſentence to her, there was when ſhe ſpoke a ſoftneſs in her tones, and an attentive ſweetneſs in her eyes, which ſhe otherwiſe would not have diſplayed ſo particularly. In one hour her lover was ſo faſcinated, that he returned to all his old attentions; although at the ſame time he appeared angry with himſelf, and his looks plainly ſaid, "Ah, you gypſey! I know you are only diverting yourſelf; I know it well, and yet I cannot help being made a fool of." He perceived that the ſoftneſs of Sophia's manner was not occaſioned by any jealouſy of Miſs Danvers, and the aſſiduity with which he watched her eyes, and anxiouſly attended her to her own door, while vexation and anger marked his countenance, was truly comic.

The purple winged Auri could not approve of Sophia's behaviour in this inſtance; neither was he very much diſpleaſed at it, as Everard had certainly played over a great number of abſurd, and even affronting manœuvres, in the courſe of his plots to aſcertain the ſtate of her affections; and therefore, Sophia's diverting herſelf a little at his expence

was entitled to forgiveneſs. It will readily be ſuppoſed that Everard's variable and uncommon behaviour could not eſcape public obſervation; and one evening at the weekly aſſembly, he received a pretty plain hint from Mr. Denbigh, who has been ſlightly mentioned in this narrative as a lover of Lucy Vernon's: Everard had juſt loſt a rubber of whiſt, with Sophia for his partner; and while they were taking their tea, ſomebody aſked him, "What he had been doing:" He replied "that he had been playing a rubber with Miſs Merton, and they had loſt it." "Ah! Mr. Everard," cried Denbigh, who ſat near him, "play with her, and loſe her. Oh fie upon it!" Everard gave a ſigh, which concluded in a kind of groan, and very gravely anſwered, "Sir, I ſaid I had been playing a rubber with that lady, and we had juſt loſt it." This wilful miſtake of Denbigh's made Sophia look a little fooliſh, and cauſed a few arch ſmiles to paſs round the circle.

Having ſaid ſo much concerning Everard, let us now turn our thoughts to a very oppoſite character, and ſpeak of Clifford the butterfly, who was about to experience a wonderful transformation:

Although this gentleman ſtill continued to flutter in the circles of the fair, and to direct the amuſements of Mellford, yet, before the winter was over, it became very evident to the eye of obſervation, that he was no longer the compleat butterfly he had been; his eyes did not beam with all their uſual fire, or ſparkle as they had hitherto ſparkled at the approach of beauty and elegance; his whole appearance became inanimate, and at intervals, and by degrees, a kind of ſtupidity took place of his former graces and vivacity. His attachment to Miſs Saxby was more and more obſerved, but it ſeemed a drowzy kind of attachment, which gave nothing intereſting to his manner or appearance: This lady was, however, ſucceeding very rapidly in her deſign of changing the butterfly into a lover, ſuch a one as it was. Clifford ſtill continued to pay more attention to Sophia than to any other lady, Miſs Saxby excepted; and the latter affected to treat her in rather a childiſh manner, particularly when Clifford was preſent, and appeared to be anxious that her lover ſhould regard Miſs Merton, rather as a young girl who might be attractive ſome years hence, than as one at preſent really ſo.

In proportion to the advancement of Clifford's transformation from a lively butterfly to an inanimate lover, ſo in exact degrees his influence in the gay circles of Mellford declined:

and

and as this change of character will give the guardian ſylph of Sophia Merton but little occaſion to ſpeak of him in future, Auri in order to avoid confuſion in his narrative, will here conduct Anna Saxby and Clifford to the hymeneal altar, notwithſtanding the marriage did not take place until many months after that period of Sophia's life, of which he is now treating.

It began to be ſeriouſly given out towards the end of winter that Mr. Clifford was really engaged to Miſs Saxby, and that a marriage between them was about to be concluded, with the approbation of her father. Clifford's fortune was but ſmall, yet Mr. Saxby conſented to the meaſure, becauſe he was anxious to ſee his daughter ſettled in any decent manner during his life time, knowing he ſhould leave her in very narrow circumſtances at his deceaſe. As ſoon as Clifford was abſolutely fixed as an engaged man, every day ſeemed to rob him of ſome portion of his livelineſs and his graces; and contrary to moſt lovers he even appeared to neglect his perſonal appearance. A great alteration was alſo noticed in Anna Saxby, who was evidently loſing all her ſhewy manners quite as rapidly as her lover loſt his.

Clifford left Mellford for a ſhort time in order to arrange ſome affairs previous to his nuptials; and when he returned ſcarce a trace remained of the gay butterfly, ſo entire was the transformation. His intended bride kept pace with him in alterations, and they now came into company with eyes ſo dull, and with looks ſo lifeleſs, as to wear the exact appearance of two ſtupid people who had been married at leaſt a dozen years; and who, although they retained a kind of habitual drowzy attachment for each other, had found the hymeneal chain compoſed of lead: Such married couples are too frequently met with; and to the aſtoniſhment of the Mellford circles, this pair of lovers exactly reſembled them, ſo that a ſtranger could not poſſibly have gueſſed that they were a lively butterfly and a gay coquet on the eve of a marriage of love.

This ſtyle of manners continued until their nuptials took place, which happened a ſhort time after Clifford's return; and immediately on their marriage the new married couple quitted Mellford for a reſidence in a weſtern county, where Clifford poſſeſſed a ſmall eſtate.

(To be continued.)

Account

Account of the Life of Dr. Harrington, of Bath.

[From Public Characters of 1799—1800.]

THIS highly reſpected gentleman is deſcended from an ancient and illuſtrious family, not more diſtinguiſhed by the ſmiles of fortune than by ſuperior intellectual poſſeſſions; an intereſting account of which may be found in a publication of the Doctor's, in 1768, entitled the "Hugo Antiques," being a collection of letters written by his anceſtors and their correſpondents, in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII. Mary and Elizabeth, Edward VI. James I. and Charles I. in four vols. replete with original information and merit. Sir John Harrington, from whom the Doctor more immediately deſcends, was the ſon of Mr. Harrington, who married a natural daughter of Henry VIII. with whom the King gave as dower the forfeited church lands of Kelſton, Catherine, part of Bath-Eaſton, and Corſton, upon which, it is ſaid, he built at Kelſton the largeſt houſe at that time in Somerſetſhire. He was a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth's, whom he attended in the Tower during the reign of her infatuated and ſanguinary ſiſter Mary. She ſtood godmother to Sir John, his eldeſt ſon, who alſo became a favourite, from his ready wit, pleaſantry, and learning. He was eſteemed the beſt Engliſh epigram writer of that age, and when very young diſplayed much ingenuity and judgment in a tranſlation of Arioſto, the only one of that beautiful poet till Mr. Hoole's, which appeared ſome years ſince, and though certainly poſſeſſed of much merit is by no means comparable to Sir John's, to whom, indeed, Mr. Hoole ſeems much indebted for aſſiſtance.—James Harrington, another anceſtor of the Doctor's, rendered himſelf conſpicuous in the literary world, by the ſo juſtly celebrated Oceana, which is inſerted in the preface of the "Hugo Antiques." Indeed genius ſeems to have had many favourites in this family, and the world will certainly allow that his ſmiles have been continued to the worthy ſubject of this memoir, whoſe delicately enriched taſte, and ſuperior knowledge in the enchanting ſcience of muſic, have ſo often and ſo juſtly been the theme of public admiration.

The Doctor has, in his poſſeſſion, ſome good pictures, and a curious collection of family and other portraits, uncommonly well preſerved, of the reigns of Henry VII and VIII. Queen Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. He has an original picture of Queen Elizabeth, when Princeſs, in the Tower,

and of Etheldred Tudor Harrington, natural daughter of Henry VIII. alſo a portrait of Lord Leiceſter and Eſſex, originals, and two of the handſomeſt of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour, in their curious apparel in which they appeared at court on the Queen's birth-day. They were rival beauties; and, on the Queen's giving her preference to the beauty of one of them, the other is ſaid to have died of grief and envy.

The Doctor has alſo a family ſeal, the date of the year 1279; it belonged to Robertus Dominus de Haverington, Cumberland.

King James the Firſt ſent for the Doctor's anceſtor Sir John Harrington to Court, to converſe with him, as he heard he was a great wit. "Sir John," ſaid the ſuperſtitious King, "what do you think is the reaſon why the Devil deals with old women, ſo that they become witches?" "Pleaſe your Majeſty," replied the Knight, "I humbly think it is becauſe the Devil delights to walk in dry places."

The King talked much to him on theological ſubjects, and told him when he left him, "that as he had heard Sir John's wit, Sir John had alſo heard the King's learning, and bid him report it favourably."

Doctor Harrington was born on Michaelmas-day, 1727, at Kelſton, Somerſetſhire. He received his education in his father's houſe, under the tuition of the late Rev. Dr. Fothergill, father of the preſent vicar of Twerton, and brother to the late provoſt of Queen's College, Oxford. His father's affairs being much embarraſſed, his elder brother was prevailed on to dock the entail of the Kelſton eſtate, an act that ultimately proved ruinous to the whole family, for it might, on account of the Doctor's minority, have been preſerved to the preſent family, his brother having died ſhortly after the buſineſs was effected. At this time the Doctor was received by his uncle, William Harrington, vicar of Kingſton, in Wilts, and under his patronage entered at Queen's College, Oxford, in the year 1745. During the vacations he lived with his uncle, a man every way calculated to diffuſe knowledge and create emulation; and it is moſt probable that the Doctor derived much of that elegance, taſte, and judgment, which has ſo conſpicuouſly ſhown in his compoſitions, from him. He was highly celebrated for his acquirements in the ſciences of muſic, poetry, and mathematics; and being a valetudinarian, and his ſight much impaired, he often employed his nephew to read to him, a circumſtance, that though it muſt have been extremely profitable to his mind, muſt alſo,

at

at times, have been conſidered as a laborious taſk; for ſuch was the greedineſs of his uncle's appetency for learning and information, that he would frequently make him read all night, and commonly till two or three in the morning, not liking to go to bed before day-light.

It was in his uncle's houſe, and at the age of eighteen or nineteen, that he compoſed the univerſally admired duo of "Damon and Clora." He reſided there eight years, during which time he often amuſed himſelf in writing poetry, chiefly light compoſitions. About that time there ſubſiſted a ſtrong rivalſhip between the two Bath theatres, and the Doctor favoured them with ſeveral excellent prologues, epilogues, &c. ſome of which were ſpoken by the preſent inimitable actor, Thomas King, at the theatre then under the old aſſembly rooms. The managers preſented him with a free admiſſion ticket to both houſes as a ſmall teſtimony of their high opinion of his talents, which they conſidered of great importance to themſelves.

During his reſidence at Kingſton, he publiſhed an "Ode to Harmony." Elegant in its compoſition, and intended as a tribute of gratitude to his uncle and aunt, for their exemplary care and attention, and alſo as a compliment to the uninterrupted affection in which they had lived for a number of years, and in which he had long participated and delighted.

Shortly after this, and by way of contraſt, he publiſhed an "Ode to Diſcord," prefaced with the following line,

"Bombatio, clangor, ſtridor, taratantara, murmure."

With theſe, he printed the admired poem of the "Witch of Wokey;" a little piece of ſuch infinite merit, that, on being read by the editor of a collection of fugitive, anonymous poems, (printed a few years ago) it was ſelected, and again given to the public, with a note, that it had been altered by the celebrated Gray, author of the Church Yard Elegy. With the admiration of an enthuſiaſt for the poetic powers of Gray, we cannot but obſerve, that if the alterations are his they are certainly not improvements. On the contrary, wherever he has changed a word, he has robbed it of a beauty. It is at this time very rare to be met with; we ſhall, therefore, from a conviction of its gratifying our readers, refer them to Dr. Percy's Relics of Ancient Poetry, in the ſecond volume of which beautiful collection it will be found, together with ſome other of our author's ingenious performances.

In the year 1748 the Doctor took his bachelor's degrees, and much about the ſame time gave up his intention of taking orders, (the only motive for which was, the ſmall living of Kelſton, which would become the preſentation of his father, after the death of the incumbent, Archdeacon Huddleſton, who married his aunt) and commenced the ſtudy of phyſic, in which purſuit he was encouraged by one of his uncles, at that period the moſt eminent phyſician in Bath, yet it was only the encouragement of words; for, though he was a man empowered, both by fortune and fame, to introduce his amiable relative with eclat to the world, in his profeſſional character, it is a lamentable truth, that his actions towards him were niggardly and illiberal; for, even when declining health made it neceſſary to have an aſſiſtant, he preferred a ſtranger to his nephew, though, from his very great celebrity, there could have been little doubt of its eſtabliſhing the young gentleman's medical reputation, and ſecuring to him (in caſe of death) the entire practice of his uncle. We are wholly at a loſs to account for this depravity of heart in the man who firſt introduced him to ſtudy medicine; nor is it neceſſary to offer any comment, every juſt mind will feel the only one that can be made on ſuch a circumſtance.

Dr. Harrington remained at Oxford till he took his degree of maſter of arts. His college tutor was Dr. George Fothergill, of whom he ſpeaks in the higheſt terms of praiſe, and grateful affection. He ſays, "he was an excellent ſcholar, a ſound logician, a nervous writer, and the beſt of men; one whoſe gentleneſs of mind and manners made his pupils not only reſpect him as their tutor, but love him as their friend!" The Doctor did all poſſible honour to his abilities and attentions. He left the college with the reputation of being one of the firſt claſſical ſcholars, and rich in every ſpecies of information neceſſary to the man of letters and complete gentleman: yet he was more indebted to a highly gifted underſtanding, (which could, in a moment, ſee and comprehend all things), than to intenſe ſtudy, of which he was by no means fond, and would often ſay with the bard, that

"Study is like the Heaven's glorious ſun,
"That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſaucy looks;
"What have continual plodders ever won,
"Save baſe authority from others books?"

He poſſeſſed too much genius to borrow ideas from any man, and felt a pride in being one of the few who could think

for themſelves. But though he was not exactly a book-worm, he was certainly what the world calls well read, and was alſo a man of ſtrong judgment, and exquiſite taſte, of which he has ſince given the world various proofs. At a very early age, he diſcovered ſuch a thorough knowledge of mathematics, metaphyſics, muſic, and poetry, as aſtoniſhed his fellow collegians, and created no ſmall degree of jealouſy in their minds: many felt aſhamed of their inferiority to a weſt country boy (as they called him); for, at that time, Queen's College was chiefly inhabited by gentlemen from the northern counties of Weſtmoreland and Cumberland, famous for ſhrewdneſs of intellect, as well as perſevering application, and it was not a little mortifying to find themſelves ſurpaſſed in learning by one who ſeemed to take no particular pains about it.

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTION *of the* SEA BEAR.

THE ſea bear appears in troops in the eaſtern ocean, principally between the Kurilly and the Aleutan iſlands. The largeſt of theſe animals are ninety Engliſh inches in length, and weigh eighteen or twenty pood. They reſemble no land-animal more than the bear, excepting only the feet, and the hinder part of the body, which terminates in a groteſque figure. What is more ſingular in the ſtructure of theſe animals is their finny feet, having not only joints and toes, by which they are enabled to go on ſhore, to ſit on their breech like the dog, and to uſe their paws in various ways, but likewiſe, by means of the web between their toes, to ſwim with equal eaſe.

The affection of the mother for her young is exceedingly great; and they, in return, endeavour to divert her by various kinds of frolicſome play. On ſeeing theſe gambols, it ſeems as if they were exerciſing feats of wreſtling; one ſtriving to give the other a fall; and if the father comes up growling, he drives the wreſtlers aſunder, coaxes the conqueror, and even tries himſelf to throw him to the ground: the greater the reſiſtance ſhown by the latter, the more he gains the love of the parents, to whom, on the other hand, their ſlothful or timid children appear to give but little joy.

Though polygamy prevails among the ſea-bears, and ſome of them have as many as fifty wives, yet every one watches over his offſpring with uncommon jealouſy, and is exceſſively furious

furious if a ſtranger come too near them. Even when they lie by thouſands on the beach, they are always divided family-wiſe into companies, and in like manner they ſwim together in the ocean. The aged, who no longer have any wives, live ſolitary, and are, of all, the moſt grim: theſe frequently paſs a whole month on the ſhore in ſleep, without taking any food; but whatever approaches them, whether man or beaſt, they fall upon with the moſt outrageous fury. The ſea-bears, at times, wage bloody wars together, the uſual ground of hoſtility being either the females or a good couching place.

When two are contending againſt one, others come up to aſſiſt the weaker party, and during the combat the ſwimming ſpectators raiſe their heads above the water, and calmly look on for a length of time, till they alſo find a motive for mingling in the fight. Sometimes theſe conflicting armies cover a tract on the ſhore of two or three verſts, and all the air reſounds with their dreadful yells and growlings.

It often happens that the combatants make an armiſtice for an hour, to recruit their forces, during which they lie beſide one another without any danger; then both parties ſuddenly riſe up, each takes his place, and the battle begins anew with redoubled fury. This goes ſo far, that they purſue one another into the ſea, when thoſe of the victorious party drag their enemies back to land, and put them to the torture of their bites ſo long till at length they lie faint and exhauſted, and finally periſh by the talons and beaks of the ravenous birds of prey that are hovering round.

The authority with which the huſbands rule over their wives and children is frequently diſplayed in a very tyrannical manner. When the wives, on being attacked by the hunters, abandon their cubs from affright, and theſe are carried off, the huſbands immediately ceaſe from purſuing the common foe, and turn upon the mother, as if to demand an account of what is become of them; then ſeizing them with their teeth, daſh them with violence againſt the rocks. The wives, ſtunned with the blows, creep and couch at the feet of their deſpots, and, careſſing them, ſhed abundance of tears. While the huſband continues to feel his vexation, he goes growling to and fro, and rolling his eye-balls, juſt as the land-bears are wont to do; but when his rage is abated, he then begins alſo bitterly to weep for the loſs of his young.

CURIOUS TRIAL.

SPRING ASSIZES for the COUNTY of SURREY.

SHAW *v.* BAKER.

THIS cauſe was tried before Juſtice Heath, and laſted near three hours, and afforded much mirth to a very full Court. It was brought by the plaintiff, who was a clerk to Meſſrs. Goſſe and Benwell, malt diſtillers, at Batterſea, againſt the widow Baker, againſt whom a verdict was obtained of 4000l. for breach of marriage contract about three years ſince, by Mr. Atcheſon. The preſent action was of a ſimilar nature, and aroſe from the fickleneſs of Mrs. Baker. It appeared that this lady, who acknowledged ſhe was above fifty years of age, at that time reſided at Hampton Wick, but removed afterwards to Batterſea, where ſhe happened to meet the plaintiff in company, for whom ſhe expreſſed to her acquaintance a partiality in preference to Mr. Atcheſon, who had ſome time courted her, and whom ſhe was upon an engagement to, which in conſequence was broken off, and occaſioned his ſuing her for damages, Mrs. Baker being determined to have the preſent plaintiff.

It turned out on the trial, that the lady was about ſeventy years old, and had declared ſhe wanted a huſband, and ſuppoſed at her time of life ſhe muſt buy one, and that her dear John Shaw ſhould be the man. He was prevailed on to quit a ſituation where he had lived near ſeventeen years, her pride not permitting her to marry a man in his ſubordinate ſituation, as her fortune was near 30,000l. and he muſt be made a gentleman. Of her own accord, a ſettlement was made on him, by which ſhe engaged to pay 5000l. on the day of marriage, and 5000l. more when ſhe died, ſhould that happen firſt; the remainder of her fortune to be at her own diſpoſal. Soon after the deed was made, ſhe was called on to pay Mr. Atcheſon's damages, but not liking to part with the money, ſhe made over all her property in truſt to the plaintiff, notwithſtanding her friend's remonſtrances of the danger of truſting it in Mr. Shaw's hands: but ſuch was her opinion of him that ſhe was determined to do it. Soon after this he went down to Henley, where his father lived, who was ill, and died while he continued there. While there, ſhe paid him ſeveral viſits, and the time paſſed away very agreeably to both parties. Soon after, ſhe invited him to her houſe, until they ſhould be married. He lived there

about

about three months, and banns of marriage were publiſhed regularly with their mutual conſent. It appeared that ſo long a continuance together had abated her longing for him, and he left her houſe. He was called on to transfer back her property, to which he demurred. She was adviſed to file a bill in equity againſt him. Whether he knew of this did not appear, as he was at Henley, but came to town the day it was filed, and transferred back her ſtock, but when he did ſo, he was deſirous the 5000l. ſhould continue in his name, to ſave the trouble of freſh transfer, agreeable to the ſettlement; but the widow Baker would have the whole. The courtſhip had continued for two years without a day of conſummation being fixed, and as the plaintiff began to think that the event was not in a good train, he ſent a perſon to her houſe, with a notice that he would meet her at St. Antholin's church, on a certain day and hour laſt year, to marry her. The meſſenger did not ſee her, but as the parlour-door was open, he heard a reply returned by the maid in a low voice, that it required no anſwer.

The plaintiff was nonſuited, as there was no evidence to prove that he attended the church at the appointed time to perform his part of the engagement, and there appeared ſome irregularity in a notice ſent the defendant the night before the trial. The conduct of the attorney's clerk was ſtrongly reprehended by the defendant's counſel.

Anecdotes of Queen Caroline, Wife of King George II.

[From the Hon. Horatio Walpole's Narrative.]

QUEEN CAROLINE was ſaid to have been very handſome at her marriage, ſoon after which ſhe had the ſmall-pox; but ſhe was little marked by it, and retained a moſt pleaſing countenance. It was full of majeſty or mildneſs as ſhe pleaſed, and her penetrating eyes expreſſed whatever ſhe had a mind they ſhould. Her voice too was captivating, and her hands beautifully ſmall, plump, and graceful. Her underſtanding was uncommonly ſtrong; and ſo was her reſolution. From their earlieſt connection ſhe had determined to govern the King, and deſerved to do ſo; for her ſubmiſſion to his will was unbounded, her ſenſe much ſuperior, and his honour and intereſt always took place of her own: ſo that her love of power, that was predominant, was dearly bought, and rarely ill-employed. She was ambitious too of fame;

fame; but, ſhackled by her devotion to the King, ſhe ſeldom could purſue that object. She wiſhed to be a patroneſs of learned men: but George had no reſpect for them or their works; and her Majeſty's own taſte was not very exquiſite, nor did he allow her time to cultivate any ſtudies. Her generoſity would have diſplayed itſelf, for ſhe valued money but as the inſtrument of her good purpoſes: but he ſtinted her alike in almoſt all her paſſions; and though ſhe wiſhed for nothing more than to be liberal, ſhe bore the imputation of his avarice, as ſhe did of others of his faults. Often when ſhe had made prudent and proper promiſes of preferment, and could not perſuade the King to comply, ſhe ſuffered the breach of word to fall on her, rather than reflect on him. Though his affection and confidence in her were implicit, he lived in dread of being ſuppoſed to be governed by her; and that ſilly parade was extended even to the moſt private moments of buſineſs with my father: whenever he entered, the Queen roſe, curtſied and retired, or offered to retire. Sometimes the King condeſcended to bid her ſtay—on both occaſions ſhe and Sir Robert had previouſly ſettled the buſineſs to be diſcuſſed. Sometimes the King would quaſh the propoſal in queſtion; and yield after re-talking it over with her—but then he boaſted to Sir Robert that he himſelf had better conſidered it.

One of the Queen's delights was the improvement of the garden at Richmond; and the King believed ſhe paid for all with her own money—nor would he ever look at her intended plans, ſaying, he did not care how ſhe flung away her own revenue. He little ſuſpected the aids Sir Robert furniſhed to her from the Treaſury. When ſhe died, ſhe was indebted twenty thouſand pounds to the King.

Her learning I have ſaid was ſuperficial; her knowledge of languages as little accurate. The King, with a bluff Weſtphalian accent, ſpoke Engliſh correctly. The Queen's chief ſtudy was divinity; and ſhe had rather weakened her faith than enlightened it. She was at leaſt not orthodox; and her confidante Lady Sundon, an abſurd and pompous ſimpleton, ſwayed her countenance toward the leſs believing clergy. The Queen however was ſo ſincere at her death, that when Archbiſhop Potter was to adminiſter the ſacrament to her, ſhe declined taking it, very few perſons being in the room. When the prelate retired, the courtiers in the ante-room crowded round him, crying, "My Lord, has the Queen received?" His Grace artfully eluded the queſtion, only

only ſaying moſt devoutly, " her Majeſty was in a Heavenly diſpoſition"—and the truth eſcaped the public.

She ſuffered more unjuſtly by declining to ſee her ſon, the Prince of Wales, to whom ſhe ſent her bleſſing and forgiveneſs—but conceiving the extreme diſtreſs it would lay on the King, ſhould he thus be forced to forgive ſo impenitent a ſon, or to baniſh him again if once recalled, ſhe heroically preferred a meritorious huſband to a worthleſs child.

The Queen's greateſt error was too high an opinion of her own addreſs and art: ſhe imagined that all who did not dare to contradict her, were impoſed upon; and ſhe had the additional weakneſs of thinking that ſhe could play off many perſons without being diſcovered. That miſtaken humour, and at other times her hazarding very offenſive truths, made her many enemies: and her duplicity in fomenting jealouſies between the Miniſters, that each might be more dependent on herſelf, was no ſound wiſdom. It was the Queen who blew into a flame the ill blood between Sir Robert Walpole and his brother-in-law Lord Townſhend. Yet though ſhe diſliked ſome of the Cabinet, ſhe never let her own prejudices diſturb the King's affairs, provided the obnoxious paid no court to the miſtreſs. Lord Ilay was the only man, who, by managing Scotland for Sir Robert Walpole, was maintained by him in ſpite of his attachment to Lady Suffolk.

Curious Anecdote of Sir Philip Calthrop and John Drakes.

[From Strutt's View of Engliſh Dreſſes.]

THE propenſity of perſons of low eſtate to imitate the faſhions of thoſe above them, has been adverted to ſeveral times in the courſe of this chapter; and now, by way of concluſion, I ſhall add a ſhort ſtory from Camden, in which this propenſity is very properly ridiculed.

" I will tell you," ſays the venerable antiquary, " how Sir Philip Calthrop purged John Drakes, the ſhoemaker of Norwich, in the time of Henry VIII. of the proud humour which our people have to be of the gentleman's cut.—This Knight bought on a time as much fine French tawny cloth as ſhould make him a gown, and ſent it to his taylor's to be made. John Drakes, a ſhoemaker, of that town, coming to the ſaid taylor's, and ſeeing the Knight's gown-cloth lying there, and liking it well, cauſed the taylor to buy for him as much

much of the ſame cloth, at the like price, to the ſame intent; and, further, he bade him make it in the ſame faſhion that the Knight would have his made of.

Not long after, the Knight coming to the taylor to take meaſure of his gown, he perceived the like gown-cloth lying there, and aſked the taylor whoſe it was. "It belongs," quoth the taylor, "to John Drakes, who will have it made in the ſelf-ſame faſhion that your's is made of."—"Well," ſaid the Knight, "in good time be it: I will have mine as full of cuts as thy ſhears can make it."—"It ſhall be done," ſaid the taylor. Whereupon, becauſe the time drew near, he made haſte to finiſh both their garments. John Drakes had no time to go to the taylor's till Chriſtmas-day, for ſerving of his cuſtomers, when he had hoped to have worn his gown; perceiving the ſame to be full of cuts, he began to ſwear at the taylor for making his gown after that ſort. "I have done nothing," quoth the taylor, "but what you bade me; for, as Sir Philip Calthrop's gown is, even ſo have I made your's."—"By my latchet," quoth John Drakes, "I will never wear a gentleman's faſhion again."

AN ANECDOTE.

CARDINAL DE RETZ tells us, that in the adminiſtration of Mazarine (almoſt as oppreſſive and wicked a Miniſter as has ever appeared,) a peaſant riding upon a lean and half ſtarved mule, at every falſe ſtep the poor beaſt made, curſed Cardinal Mazarine: Upon which he aſked what connection there could poſſibly be between the ſtumbling of his mule and the *Miniſter?* "The Cardinal," replied the fellow, "is the ſole, the only cauſe of the jade ſtumbling; he has taxed barley—barley is my beaſt's provender: this tax makes me unable to feed it as before; want of good food makes it weak, and weakneſs produces ſtumbling; twenty thouſand curſes light on the Cardinal!"

A REFLECTION.

IF violence is the prompteſt mode of deciding altercations, it is alſo the worſt; amongſt the numerous, and potent arguments that brawny arms poſſeſs, not one can ſtrike conviction.

On LYING.

THERE are people that were born liars; who tell you every day very ſeriouſly a parcel of inſipid unmeaning lies, and probably believe them. It is a mere odd kind of weakneſs in them; they cannot help it; perhaps they are not ſenſible of it. Nor is one certain whether there is not ſuch an abſurd creature as a thief, that has little more ſcheme or meaning than a pilfering jack-daw.

DOUBLE PUN.

A Good pun is not amiſs. Let me tell you one (ſaid the late Hon. Horace Walpole) I met with in ſome book the other day. The Earl of Leiceſter, that unworthy favourite of Elizabeth, was forming a park about Cornbury, thinking to incloſe it with poſts and rails. As he was one day calculating the expence, a gentleman ſtood by, and told the noble Earl that he did not go the cheapeſt way to work. "Why?" ſaid my Lord. "Becauſe," replied the gentleman, "if your Lordſhip will find *poſts*, the country will find *railing*."

On the UTILITY *of* VARIETY.

WHAT inextricable confuſion muſt the world for ever have been in, but for the variety which we find to obtain in the faces, the voices, and the hand-writings of men! No ſecurity of perſon, no certainty of poſſeſſion, no juſtice between man and man, no diſtinction between good and bad, friends and foes, father and child, huſband and wife, male and female. All would have been expoſed to malice, fraud, forgery, and luſt. But now, every man's face can diſtinguiſh him in the light, his voice in the dark, and his hand-writing can ſpeak for him though abſent, and be his witneſs to all generations. Did this happen by chance, or is it not a manifeſt, as well as an admirable indication of a divine ſuperintendance?

Anſwer, by W. Webber, of Tiverton, to W. Whitford's Queſtion, inſerted November 4.

THE two numbers required by your queſtion are very eaſily found. The numbers I find to be 16 and 24.

Anſwer, by T. Whicker, of Exeter, to W. Hoare's Rebus, inſerted January 20.

THE pleaſing comic pen of COWLEY's muſe
Is never drawn fair virtue to abuſe.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from R. Thomas, W. Hobbs, P. Gove, and W. Harris, of Exeter; and Dubious, of Calverleigh.

A CHARADE, *by C. B. W. near Taunton.*

MY firſt, ye gents. a colour will diſcloſe;
My ſecond is the hardy tar's delight;
My whole hath triumph'd o'er his country's foes,
And fadeleſs laurels gain'd in naval fight.

A REBUS, *by C. Heath, of the Nimble Cutter.*

WHO on revolving time his thoughts may caſt,
Or mark the preſent, ſcrutinize the paſt,
Will pow'rful numbers of his breth'ren ſee,
Prefer my tranſient firſt t' eternity.
Obſerve a giddy croud alike purſue,
Deluſive phantoms here on earth we view;
And purer joys moſt willingly reſign
T' indulge the venal paſſions of the mind.
Behold the happy plain now ſmear'd with gore,
And my malignant next the cauſe explore.
Dire war's enſanguin'd train the world annoy,
And with gigantick ſtride my third deſtroy.
While with deſtructive rage my fourth extends
Wide o'er the world its fierce tyrannick reign.
Whence ſlaughter, famine, peſtilence, ſucceed,
With thy grim next, and crowns the horrid deed.
Haſten my ſixth, with comfort thy return,
And bid the wretched widow ceaſe to mourn.
Alas! while we our hands in blood imbrue,
No ſuch bright proſpect opens to the view.
Long as my laſt accurs'd ſo amply ſways
The minds of men, adieu to happier days.
Attentive youths! pray ſcan this rebus o'er,
A gallant Grecian here you will explore,

POETRY.

The TEMPEST.

THE tempeſt has darken'd the face of the ſkies,
The winds whiſtle wildly acroſs the waſte plain,
The fiends of the whirlwind terrific ariſe,
And mingle the clouds with the white-foaming main.

All dark is the night, and all gloomy the ſhore,
Save when the red lightnings the ether divide,
Then follows the thunder with loud ſounding roar,
And echoes in concert the billowy tide.

But tho' now all is murky, and ſhaded with gloom,
Hope, the ſoother, ſoft whiſpers the tempeſts ſhall ceaſe;
Then nature again in her beauty ſhall bloom,
And enamour'd embrace the fair ſweet-ſmiling peace.

For the bright-bluſhing morning all roſy with light
Shall convey on her wings the creator of day;
He ſhall drive all the tempeſts and terrors of night,
And nature enliven'd again ſhall be gay.

Then the warblers of ſpring ſhall attune the ſoft lay,
And again the bright flow'ret ſhall bluſh in the dale;
On the breaſt of the ocean the zephyr ſhall play,
And the ſun-beam ſhall ſleep on the hill and the dale.

If the tempeſts of nature ſo ſoon ſink to reſt,
If her once faded beauties ſo ſoon glow again,
Shall man be for ever by tempeſts oppreſs'd,
By the tempeſts of paſſion, of ſorrow, and pain?

Ah no! for his paſſion and ſorrow ſhall ceaſe
When the troubleſome fever of life ſhall be o'er;
In the night of the grave he ſhall ſlumber in peace,
And paſſion and ſorrow ſhall vex him no more.

And ſhall not this night, and its long diſmal gloom,
Like the night of the tempeſt again paſs away?
Yes! the duſt of the earth in bright beauty ſhall bloom,
And riſe to the morning of heavenly day!

The AFFECTIONATE HEART.

By JOSEPH COTTLE.

LET the great man, his treaſures poſſeſſing,
Pomp and ſplendour for ever attend:

I prize

I prize not the ſhadowy bleſſing,
I aſk—the affectionate friend.

Tho' foibles may ſometimes o'ertake him,
His footſtep from wiſdom depart;
Yet my ſpirit ſhall never forſake him,
If he own the affectionate heart.

Affection! thou ſoother of care,
Without thee unfriended we rove;
Thou canſt make e'en the deſert look fair,
And thy voice is the voice of the dove.

'Mid the anguiſh that preys on the breaſt,
And the ſtorms of mortality's ſtate;
What ſhall lull the afflicted to reſt,
But the joys that on ſympathy wait?

What is fame, bidding envy defiance,
The idol and bane of mankind?
What is wit, what is learning, or ſcience,
To the heart that is ſtedfaſt and kind?

Even genius may weary the ſight,
By too fierce and too conſtant a blaze;
But affection, mild planet of night!
Grows lovelier the longer we gaze.

It ſhall thrive when the flattering forms,
That encircle creation decay;
It ſhall live 'mid the wide-waſting ſtorms,
That bear all undiſtinguiſh'd away.

When time, at the end of his race,
Shall expire with expiring mankind;
It ſhall ſtand on its permanent baſe;
It ſhall laſt till the wreck of the mind.

A SONNET, *written in the Spring.*

By Mr. PARK.

FAIR was the face of this illumin'd dawn,
With vernal brightneſs, vernal ſoftneſs fair,
The ſun inceſſant woo'd the bluſhing morn,
And all the youthful hours laugh'd round the pair:

But ere the evening what a change was there!
Harſh thunders roll, and forked lightnings fly;
Hyemal tempeſts brood along the air,
Or fall in torrents from an angry ſky.

Ah! ſcarce leſs mutable is man's bright day;
Soon are his early proſpects clouded o'er,
And thoſe ſoft ſuns that ſhot their April-ray
Acroſs his primroſe pathway, ſhine no more:

Grief on the preſent drops her tearful ſhow'rs,
And apprehenſion o'er the future lours.